We fell to talking about work. He said he hoped that I had a good manager . . . agreed very heartily with me about Frohrnan, saying he was always so fair—more than fair.

[41] What a wonderful life you've had, haven't you ? " I exclaimed, thinking of it aH in a flash.

" Oh, yes," he said quietly . . . " a wonderful life—of work."

" And there's nothing better, after all, is there ?''

" Nothing."

" What have you got out of it all. . , . You and I are [4] getting on/ as they say. Do you ever think, as I do sometimes, what you have got out of life ? "

[lc] What have I got out of it ? " said Henry, stroking his chin and smiling slightly. " Let me see. . . . Well, a good cigar, a good glass of wine—good friends." Here he kissed my hand with courtesy. Always he was so courteous; always his actions, like this little one of kissing my hand, were so beautifully timed. They came just before the spoken words, and gave them peculiar value.

" That's not a bad summing-up of it all," I said. " And the end. . . . How would you like that to come ? "

" How would I like that to corne ? " He repeated my question lightly yet meditatively too. Then he was silent for some thirty seconds before he snapped his fingers—the action again before the words.

" Like that *I* "

I thought of the definition of inspiration—" A calcula-tion rapidly made." Perhaps he had never thought of the manner of his death before. Now he had an inspiration

as to how it would come.

We were silent a long time, I thinking how like some splendid Doge of Venice he looked, sitting up in bed, his beautiful mobile hand stroking his chin.